The COMMONWEAL

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Wise Step

A RECENT dispatch from Washington tells of plans whereby the Army intends to call up men who have been rejected for military duty because they are sufferers from some form of venereal disease. These men are to be sent to special camps, where they will be subject to curative treatment. "When Army medical authorities are satisfied with the progress made by the men, they will be spread out among various cantonments in order to eliminate any stigma that might arise if they were herded together in separate regiments or divisions." The number of men affected by this plan would be considerable. Out of the first 1,000,000 examined for the draft, a total of 57,000 men were rejected because they were found to be suffering from venereal disease. The dispatch goes on to say, "This will be one of the largest projects of health rehabilitation ever undertaken by the Army. An official of the Surgeon General's office described the task as tremendous, requiring the expenditure of millions."

It is already several years since Dr. Hauser very cogently remarked that the control of venereal disease and its eventual total elimination would be one of the simplest tasks modern medicine could set itself—if only the social and psychological barriers to its accomplishment could be eliminated. Certainly no one in his right mind could object to any reasonable program to overturn these barriers. Evidently the Surgeon General (himself a Catholic, be it noted) some time ago felt that the situation was ripe for action. In cooperation with state and municipal public health authorities a campaign was launched to try to educate the public on this important question. The campaign continues. But the psychological barriers are by no means done away with. Evidently Dr. Parran has seen in the Selective Service situation another avenue of attack against these diseases, and like a good general he is determined to use it. All this may seem a small matter in comparison to the cataclysmic events of our days, yet it is a matter which deserves to be singled out and praised for the great personal good it will do to thousands of unfortunate citizens.

Bastille Day 1942

MEN in France looked at the flag where the flag was allowed to be flown, looked at the yellow stars on the Jews, thought of the French ships at Alexandria which might soon be destroyed by the British and they thought of the prisoners in German prison camps and they heard some who were saying let us forget the Bastille and Bunker Hill and William Tell and everything else that was a revolution for freedom—the war is over, there is a New Order, let us find our place in it. But they heard also the voices of the hostages who have been shot, they heard the voice of all their indomitable history, they heard echoing through their hearts the tender songs of love of country, the gentle names of town and countryside. Not enough time has passed for the Bastille to be forgotten and in all France there is so little cowardice. . . . They heard, too, the fateful rumble of advancing forces from the West.

The Principle's the Thing

AMONG human beings, controlled variety is one mark of normality. This holds alike for individuals and the group. By a balanced man, we mean one who focuses many disparate opposites into one living whole. A balanced society is one that knows how to hold in solution the confounding diversity of tastes and aptitudes and opportunities of its members, and to apply the compound to the general enrichment of all of them. In both cases, the power of balancing resides in a principle, a law of values and of ends. Without such a law, neither the individual nor the group can master the multiplicity which is life; under pressure, either will lose its last vestige of organic wholeness, and the result will be a disintegrated character or a ruined society. With this abstract but perhaps not unuseful introduction, we may say a brief word on the topic of women and the war.

Besides the great majority of citizens, who have never thought about the matter much and are just beginning now to work out their ideas, it is pos-

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sible to distinguish two opposite schools, both convinced and both articulate. One bases itself upon the incontestable fact that the effort of large numbers of women will be needed to help the country finish the war successfully. Thence it proceeds to the conclusion that the mass of women should be treated like the mass of men—as separate units, to be registered, rated and called on at need. So far as positive indications go, most of the representatives of this kind of thinking would be ready to adjourn every other possible demand upon women—for instance, the demand made by the home—until some more favorable occasion. Certainly it is only fair to point out that Secretary Perkins's recent plea that mothers of young families be not called upon for wartime industrial work until other sources of labor were tapped was very lonely among all the many official utterances on the subject.

The contrasting school of thought is represented most ably by Catholic spokesmen. They stress the prime function of women in society, which is to be the living center of the home, and warn against the mortal peril of disregarding it. This is the view to which we on this magazine incline, alike from our Catholic belief and from our practical experience. But it is perhaps fair to point out that representatives of it do not always allow for the anomalies and varieties of our social situation. There are many women who can serve best in war work, including (strange as it may seem) a due quota of mothers. And surely there are acceptable precedents for this. Isabella of Spain, a great queen, wife and mother, on occasion actually led her troops in the field—a thing which no one has yet proposed American women shall do. We cite her merely as a dramatic example of the variants which, as we have said, exist in healthy society. It should be possible for us Americans to work out a fair balance on this subject: to begin with the positive recognition of the place of the home in our society, and the positive pledge to protect it first, and strongly, in any wartime shift of individual functions; to proceed to the fact that the large-scale effort of women in this war must of necessity be envisaged and provided for, and that no mere interdiction will cover the case.

Thomas Francis Meehan

THERE are a number of levels at which a man can serve truth. If you are a butcher, you can serve truth by selling cow for cow and not for prime beef, by being careful never to include the weight of your hand along with the weight of the leg of lamb. If you are a political leader, you can serve truth by advocating only such measures and action as you honestly believe will advantage your people and your country—not measures and action which you believe will disadvantage them, but reelect you. If you are a journalist you can serve truth by avoiding those slight pointings and leanings in what you write which fall within the letter of events yet distort them. And all men can serve truth by not telling lies. This may seem over-obvious, and the examples may seem more than trite; they point to how rare a thing it is to find truth served. And one may venture that the service of truth is noble, in no matter what form.

Thomas Francis Meehan spent all of his life serving truth. His kind of truth was, if you will, very special. He was an historian, but, again, an historian in a very special sense. He did not concern himself with the broad currents of history, the lines of tendency which push history up into the present and the future and thrust it back to the very roots of time. He was concerned that the details of history should always be right and truthful, never warped to a purpose or a thesis, or merely sacrificed to lazy carelessness. Among the many hundreds of things he wrote were two book reviews for THE COMMONWEAL. In both he exercised his conspicuous talent for correction. There may be those who take such service of truth for pettifogging; yet in our generation, conspicuous for its lack of interest in such accuracy and therefore likely to allow the viper of distortion to vitiate its most grandiose theory, such a judgment remains merely a self-judgment. Thomas Meehan had historical standards, and they are of a sort more historians should cultivate. Beyond all this, he was a lovable and loving man.

Contemporary Changes

IN ITS current issue *America,* our senior and our peer in the realm of American Catholic journalism, announces a change in its editorial board. Father Francis X. Talbot remains as editor-in-chief, but Father John LaFarge is assigned to a new post as executive editor. In the official announcement it was not made clear exactly how great a change this may involve in the functioning of *America's* staff, but it can be presumed that Father LaFarge will be far more directly responsible for the editorial conduct of the magazine than any of the associate editors. Father LaFarge's signally broad interests—Negroes, foreign affairs, Oriental rites, the liturgy, art—can only guarantee to his paper a great range of usefulness and sympathy. It has commanded his services as an associate editor for many fruitful years; now his wide range can be more directly and responsibly reflected in its columns. To him and to *America* THE COMMONWEAL extends every good wish. And we remark with pleasure that in the same issue which announces this change there appears the first of what is promised to be a regular series of letters from Washington by Father Wilfrid Parsons, himself once editor-in-chief of the same magazine.

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Non-Political

THIS Odell Waller who was executed, it was possible to strap him into the electric chair because he was of a good age for execution. This woman I see and desire, it is because she is erect and strong, neither close to birth nor to death. We see men and women as they are when we look at them; we do not see their unfolding lives. Each day our relationship with living beings is arrested in the moment of that day as if there were no day before and no day to follow. Our own life is arrested each day, each instant; the flow of our life from birth to death proceeds unseen. We are isolated in space and in time.

It might have made it difficult to execute Waller if in that body strapped to the chair the executioners and the witnesses had seen the child Waller or an aged Waller worn and exhausted by the years. It might have been difficult to break the curve of that life. And certainly it would interfere with the normal process of attraction through which love is centered and crystallized if in the woman one loved there were visible her body as a child, her body as in death. We are immured in immediate time; we are not pure spirits. Yet an awareness of the real, if unperceived continuity of life must be sought, deliberately, in order that justice be related to the whole of a man's life rather than to an instant of his life, in order that my love for this woman's person, for her enduring self, be held above any immediate and accidental moment of her biological maturity.

This war holds us fast in the present. This war, because it is action—our action—exists in the present. We are intensely concerned, and necessarily so, with the work that must be done, now, to meet the attack which is being made against us, now. Our enemies and we ourselves are incarnated in the temporal—with problems of immediate and limited justice and injustice to solve. But this war—no matter how long it lasts—stands related to history, to the history of mankind, to all history, as a flash of anger in the years of our life.

* * *

Paola Zancani-Montuoro and Umberto Zanotti-Bianco were the improbably associated names of the two Italian archeologists who recently discovered a forgotten Greek temple at the mouth of the Sele at Paestum. Paestum is south of Naples, south of Amalfi, on the Mediterranean. We drove down from Naples and when we left the main road just before Paestum and turned to the sea there was a sort of road that followed an irrigation ditch across the marshland and where the road ended there was a light in the window of a house. There was just this one house and the sea beyond it. Zanotti-Bianco was lying on a cot in a room with blankets and clothes piled over him and his teeth chattering in a malarial chill. There were three other cots in the room and they were covered with objects that looked like potatoes and when your eyes got used to the light from the kerosene lamp you saw that they were hundreds of terra cotta statuettes that had come out of the earth after having been buried there when the temple got too full to hold them. We had a text in Strabo to start from, situating the temple on the left bank of the Sele, Zanotti-Bianco said, but everyone thought the river must have changed its course and everyone thought that Paestum, of all places, had been thoroughly explored. We thought we had it when we followed the tracks made by peasant carts that had carried stone and there was crushed stone along these tracks but the stone came from a Roman wall. And then two days ago we found this pit with the statuettes and of course the statuettes were buried near the temple and now we have found the temple. You can never finish exploring the past just as you can never finish exploring your memories. You can never finish linking the past with the present because there is no break between the past and the present. There is only something lost for a time and found again. There is no limitation to the past only a limitation to our feeling the existence of the past. We keep losing things, we keep mislaying the past. When they built the church at Amalfi they used the marble they took from the temples at Paestum. But a hundred years after the church was built the existence of Paestum and the memory of its temples were lost. It was not till the time of Napoleon that Paestum was rediscovered. We keep losing temples, civilizations, nations. Sometimes we find them again. We lost the Etruscans and we still cannot read the written messages they left. Until a few years ago the Hittites were a name in the Bible. Now we have found their libraries; we know their religions and their laws and their art and the names of their kings. We know that these lost millions of men—at some moment carelessly dropped from the memory of the Egyptians and the Greeks—built great cities, formed a great empire. There will be a young man somewhere who will look at a Hittite statue in a museum and who, through the unchanging and timeless validity of art, will find in that statue and not in another the illuminating evidence of proportion, character and emphasis.

* * *

It is not important whether it be through Proust, or through Maritain, or through the archeologists that we are led to preserve this sense of time. The present cannot be measured without it.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Cooperation in the Far East

Japanese, Chinese and Indian cooperatives prepare way for economic democracy in Asia.

By **Harry Paxton Howard**

THE COOPERATIVE MOVEMENT is one of the most important developments in Asia today. For tens of millions of Asiatics, cooperative societies have become an important factor in the continuing business of living. And when these struggling, suffering peoples again turn from mutual slaughter and hatred to mutual living in peace, the cooperative movement may emerge as a center around which to rebuild their shattered lives on a basis of economic democracy and the common good.

Cooperative societies are not wholly new in the Far East. Mutual credit societies have existed for centuries among the Chinese, Japanese and other Asiatics—particularly among the farmers. These old-fashioned societies are still formed in many parts of China—temporary associations, most commonly of seven members, supplying credit to each member in turn and dissolving when the immediate task is completed. But the modern type of credit cooperative—as well as consumers' and other cooperatives—as developed in England and elsewhere in Europe during the past century, has in recent decades spread widely in eastern Asia. In some areas, cooperatives of various sorts have become an important part of the economic—and social—structure.

In recent years, the semi-official organization known as the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives has aroused the greatest interest in the United States, owing to its connection with the war against Japan. But of far more importance numerically are the mutual credit societies of China. There are also consumers' societies and marketing and other associations. The idea of mutual association—for credit or for other specific tasks—is an old one in China, and the newer and more efficient forms of cooperative organization have only to be explained to farmers to be appreciated by them.

Credit societies in China

It was the China International Famine Relief Commission which first successfully spread the idea of modern cooperatives and promoted their organization. This Commission, established in 1921, soon came to see that mere "relief" was no solution of famine, and after careful study started the organization of rural credit societies in North China. The difficulty lay not in the "conservatism" of the people so much as in the opposition of professional moneylenders with official connections; but the Commission had strong backing and went ahead with its work in Hopei province, where a network of hundreds of societies was built up. With this well under way, the Commission turned to the matter of cooperative marketing, and despite the bitter opposition of grain merchants built up and expanded this work in North China.

In the meantime, public-spirited Chinese who had studied modern cooperative methods were endeavoring to organize societies among farmers elsewhere in China, as well as in the main cities. These cooperators, however, had no official support or foreign protection, and one association after another was closed down by the authorities as a "labor" organization; one organizer was sentenced to a prison term. The more progressive elements in the Kuomintang, however—the party which gained power in 1926-27—favored cooperation, which its great leader Sun Yat-sen had strongly endorsed. When the Party came into power, some attempts were made actively to promote the cooperative movement.

The resistance, when powerful merchants and moneylenders found their easy profits interfered with, may be illustrated by developments in the Shaohsing area, in Chekiang province, not far from Hangchow, in 1928. There, a very sincere and devoted Kuomintang man returned to his home town to make it a model community and organized—among other things—credit and marketing cooperatives which began rapidly to eliminate the professional moneylender and to force the big tea and silk merchants to pay higher prices to the farmer-producers. This progressive official—who always traveled about democratically, and without bodyguards—was assassinated in an autobus, in broad daylight. No action was taken against the assassins, who were known to be agents of the wealthy tea and silk merchants of Shanghai. The tactics were in some ways similar to those of the ruthless Ku Klux Klan in the American South seventy years ago.

Gradually, however, Chinese cooperators expanded their educational work so that the movement became less dependent upon "key" individuals. Intelligent and modern-minded bankers,

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in the cities, saw the opportunities open to themselves by the promotion of cooperative credit societies in the country districts, to which the bankers loaned money at low rates which greatly undercut the local usurers. The Government organized some provincial and inter-provincial "farmers" and "agricultural" banks, aiming in theory at the providing of cheap credit facilities to the farmers' associations, though they were sometimes found to be financing the Government's official opium traffic. On the other hand, some of the cooperative credit societies were formed among well-to-do farmers and landlords who utilized the funds to make loans at the old usurious rates to the poorer peasant—a system which came to be cynically referred to as "cooperative usury." The Government in some areas levied a "cooperation tax" to finance educational work, and to many of the poorer peasants "cooperation" meant only an additional tax.

Despite these difficulties, inevitable among a terribly poor and almost wholly illiterate peasantry consistently exploited by strong and influential landlords, merchants and moneylenders—many of whom had close ties with officialdom—cooperation continued to make headway in many areas. It was something of a setback when the International Famine Relief Commission—against which there had long been influential opposition—went into liquidation some eight years ago. In 1934, figures for cooperative societies showed 9,948 associations with 373,856 members for China—three-fourths of the number being in four provinces. In proportion to China as a whole, the number was woefully small—less than one cooperator among a thousand persons, less than one "cooperator's family" (i.e., with a cooperator in the family) in 225 families. A beginning had been made, however. And there were still many thousands of the old-style cooperative credit societies carrying on in many parts of the country. One set of figures showed a total of some 14,000 societies of all kinds in China. Almost five-sixths of the total were credit societies.

"War economy"

These figures do not include the cooperative societies formed in the areas then under Communist rule. These Chinese Communists, though they acquired their original theories mainly from Moscow, had in practice abandoned any attempt at actual communization of economy and were carrying through policies of land distribution, shifting of taxation to the better-off and the formation of cooperatives linked closely with the Chinese Soviet Government and its banking and "foreign" trade monopoly. Early in 1937, when the Chinese Communists formally subordinated themselves to the national (Kuomintang) Government, they abandoned their "agrarian revolution," as they had already abandoned their "soviet republic" and its banking and monetary system. They continued, however, to develop their cooperative societies, now on a somewhat freer basis.

As the invading Japanese armies, in the latter part of 1937, pushed back the regular Kuomintang armies, the Chinese Communists achieved their aim of moving into the evacuated territories, where the Japanese held little more than the railways and principal cities. The Communists, now in a "united front" with Kuomintang and other elements, organized not only guerrilla warfare but also cooperatives and "guerrilla economy" in many parts of North China. The credit and marketing cooperatives in Hopei were subordinated to this war economy; some of them ceased to function. Many new cooperatives were formed, however, for a wide variety of purposes—credit, marketing, purchase and utilization, as well as "producers' cooperatives" somewhat along the lines of those in Communist territory.

Down to this time, producers' cooperatives were mainly the work of Communists or their "fellow-travelers" in China. Tai Chi-tao, a Kuomintang leader who passed through a "Communist" phase and was one of the founders of the Chinese Communist Party in 1920, drafted at that time a law on producers' cooperatives. Attempts were made to establish them in non-Kuomintang territory, but were immediately suppressed by the authorities. The Kuomintang, when it achieved power, had no enthusiasm for such societies—except under special conditions which gave the Party-Government strict control. Some silk filatures and other "cooperatives" were formed in this way, but the actual capital was supplied by Government or private banks and "member-control" was never more than nominal.

The "industrial cooperatives" of the last four years are a special development, which have given material relief and productive work to a number of the destitute refugees drifting westward from the war areas. These have been largely the work of a highly capable and well-meaning New Zealander, Rewi Alley, who was presented to General and Mrs. Chiang Kai-shek by the British Ambassador. It might be added that the scheme itself was worked out largely by an American Catholic who had been so favorably impressed by the Chinese Communists that he became a Moscow "fellow-traveler"; it was he who introduced the idea and the New Zealander to the British envoy, who in turn "sold" both of them to the Generalissimo. Chiang Kai-shek, though understandably suspicious of anything fathered by "fellow-travelers," could not well refuse an idea sponsored by the British Ambassador—and supported, of course, by the Generalissimo's Australian adviser. So Rewi Alley was authorized to go ahead, the

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Ministry of Finance allotting $5,000,000 to be used as capital funds.

In the last four years, some 3,000 workshops have been organized by the "Chinese Industrial Cooperatives," employing more than 30,000 workers regularly and considerable quantities of temporary labor at times. They are not cooperative in any real sense. They are financed by the Chinese Government and by private banks, which collect interest on the capital invested—excepting for the contributions from abroad. These latter are taken care of by a special international committee, and are spent on promoting and financing work in the "guerrilla districts," for which it is difficult to obtain Chinese bank or Government loans. The workshops are directed by Government officials, "Indusco" being officially classified as a "social organization under the Executive Yuan" of the Kuomintang Government. They supply goods on Government order, or for public sale—not, to any extent, for consumers' cooperatives, which are even fewer and farther between than the "Indusco" workshops. But the more intelligent and capable of the "worker-members" may take an active part in affairs—when the directing officials are themselves intelligent and democratic—somewhat as workers can do in a "shop committee" system.

In relation to Chinese economy as a whole, the "Indusco" workshops are still very small. The total number of workshops, and their production, is a tiny fraction of the pre-war industrial output of Shanghai alone. Their monthly output amounts to less than half a million American dollars—comparable to that of a small city in the United States, or a somewhat larger city in China. But they have advanced the idea of cooperative effort in China and have done much in the way of relief work—both for the actual workers employed and for their dependents. Perhaps a quarter of a million persons are dependent upon Indusco for their livelihood.

Development in Japan

In Japan, where cooperators have not been faced with the difficulties besetting them in China, their organizations have gone much further. More than seven million persons are members of cooperatives—almost one in ten. If reckoned in families, almost half have a member in some cooperative. In the country districts, most families are actually connected with a village society. For credit facilities, for the marketing of wheat, rice, silk, or dairy products, for the purchase of fertilizer or other requirements, cooperative societies handle a great part of the rural economy of Japan.

In Japan, as in China, mutual credit and other local cooperative societies have a long history. During the period of "modernization," however, some Japanese progressives familiarized themselves with the more efficient cooperative systems of Europe, and after nine years of struggle succeeded in 1900 in getting official legislation on "modern" cooperatives. In 1905, a Central Union of Cooperative Societies was formed, and in 1923 the cooperatives established their own Central Bank. The law authorizing this (Japanese banking is state-controlled) is said to have been the first important law ever enacted by the Japanese Diet "on its own," without Government initiative. To bring it into line with the state banking system, however, the Government contributed half the capital of the Central Bank, thus making it a semi-official institution. The Japanese Central Union joined the International Cooperative Alliance in October, 1924.

In Japan, the old form of mutual credit society known as the "mujin" has grown side by side with the "modern" cooperative. The "mujin" handle an enormous amount of business, totaling over three billion yen yearly. There are now some three hundred big "companies," with some two hundred branches, throughout Japan. The "modern" cooperative credit societies are similarly of great magnitude. Before the war, the deposits of these associations totaled almost a billion and a half yen, and played an important part in village economy and to a lesser extent in the towns and cities.

During the past decade the Japanese Government—increasingly in economic difficulties, owing to its military and territorial expansion—has adopted a policy of patronizing the cooperative societies and encouraging them to extend their functions. Many credit societies in the villages began to function as marketing societies as well, and to add purchasing (of fertilizer and of other farmers' needs) and actual utilization to their activities. On the eve of the Sino-Japanese war, some 8,500 of the 15,000 cooperative societies handled not only credit, but marketing, purchasing and utilization; almost 2,000 more handled credit, marketing and purchasing.

Cooperative associations have developed in the cities also, though far behind the rural areas. Prior to the war with China, there were some 271 credit societies functioning in cities and towns, with 310,000 members, and issuing loans of some 165 million yen. Consumers' cooperatives were also functioning, with some 212,000 members in 190 societies. But these figures, while very impressive as compared with those of the United States, were small as compared with the cooperatives of rural Japan, where an actual cooperative economy was becoming predominant. There were some things, however, which purely economic cooperation could not do. It could not save its members from the crushing burdens of the militarists, which made themselves felt both in direct taxation and in price changes—despite official con-

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trols—associated with inflation. And it could not free its tenant farmer members from the burden of landlordism, which affected half the farmers of Japan and took from them more than half their produce. (The landlord in turn had to give more than half of his takings to the Government.)

India

Only in India (if we except Soviet Asia, where the "cooperatives" are simply a part of the state-owned economy) is there any other Asiatic co-operative movement numbered in millions. In India, as elsewhere in Asia, the problem of credit is one of the most serious facing the peasant, and the formation of credit societies is of central interest and importance. The Indian Government, be it said, has done much to promote the organization of credit societies, to which Government banks make loans at low rates of interest.

In India, as in most countries, the rural areas are the main centers of cooperative activity and organization. There are more than 100,000 co-operative societies, with over 4,300,000 members. Of this number, some 90,000 are agricultural societies, with some 3,000,000 members, and a working capital of £25,000,000. Some of these are extending their activities to include marketing of products. In Madras there are cooperatives for land reclamation and irrigation, as well as a variety of other societies.

A special feature of cooperation in India has to do with health, insurance and better living. There are some five hundred "Anti-Malarial Co-operatives," federated in a central organization, which function as consumers' societies in purchasing and distributing goods at wholesale prices and take preventive measures not only against malaria but against other diseases. There are two co-operative insurance societies functioning in India. There are two cooperative colonies dealing with one of the gravest of India's problems—the position of the "untouchables" or depressed classes. These colonies are for housing, and are steadily providing better dwellings and living conditions among this group—the great majority of whom are wretchedly poor.

Among the Hindus, one of the main obstacles to the cooperative movement is the caste system, with its great and varied subdivisions. The number of societies which have already been formed, however, and the actual co-operation *among* the cooperatives, shows that even this obstacle can be overcome, though the process is a long and difficult one. The figure of 4,300,000 cooperative members for India is an impressive one, but it must be recalled that the population of India is now 390,000,000. Slightly more than one percent of the population are members of cooperatives. About one family in twenty has a member in some society.

One other Asiatic country, little Korea, has more than a million cooperators. In Korea, the credit movement is of leading importance, and before the war numbered close to 700 societies, with about 1,500,000 members. There were also 43 rural distributive societies, and 15 fishermen's societies.

Towards Democracy

Everywhere in Asia, the fuller development of cooperation rests upon the development of political democracy. Japan has far the greatest development of cooperative economy, which has done much to improve conditions and to create something approaching economic democracy in the rural areas. But, as noted, this economy is subordinated to the needs of a military dictatorship which during the past decade has destroyed what existed of parliamentary government in Japan and has subjected all Japanese economic life to military requirements. Cooperation has somewhat alleviated the militarists' burdens for millions of Japanese villagers, and has eliminated much of the surpluses formerly appropriated by moneylenders and merchants, but it cannot rise to its full possibilities except with the ending of political domination by the militarists and their tax-gatherers, and the special privileges and position of the great plutocratic companies and well-to-do landlords.

That which is true of Japan is true in one form or another of all Asiatic countries, in none of which does a functioning democracy exist. Our sympathy for China and the Chinese people, in their terrible sufferings, must not blind us to the lack of democracy in China, and to the realization that famine, destitution, banditry and internal war existed long before the Japanese invasion of 1937. The Chinese people, indeed, in 1912 established a democratic republic, to be based upon responsible parliamentary government, but the Powers financed and supported Yuan Shih-kai and subsequent warlords against the republic—which was destroyed. If and when the Chinese people are able to reassert themselves and establish an effective democracy, the political domination of the militarists, merchants and landlords will be ended, and the people can move toward economic as well as political democracy.

The two movements, indeed, are inseparable in the long run. For political democracy is a mockery to men who are dependent upon "economic royalists" for their very livelihood. And economic democracy is unthinkable under the rule of a military dictatorship which can by main force appropriate for itself and its privileged associates the "lion's share" of the wealth produced by the people.

The peoples of Asia have shown, in one area after another, their capacity for the tasks of eco-

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nomic democracy. Some of them have also shown—the Chinese thirty years ago, the Japanese down to the middle of 1931—their capacity for the tasks of responsible democratic government. It is not for us of the West to speak of "Asiatic" despotism and to mock at "Chinese democracy" and at Japanese attempts to establish parliamentary government. For it was our own "democratic" governments which financed the Chinese counter-revolution that destroyed the republic and reduced that vast country to chaos and famine, it was our own "democratic" Governments which permitted the Japanese militarists in 1931 to defy their parliamentary Government and march into Manchuria—which they used as a base to destroy parliamentary government and reduce the Japanese people once more to the status of cannon-fodder and industrial robots. When Western Powers are prepared to cooperate with and support democracy in Asia, the peoples of Asia will be able to achieve their own emancipation.

War and the Country Community

A man close to the heart of Iowa writes of war's impact.

By **Leo R. Ward**

IN OUR PART of Iowa the main cash crop is meat. We raise much corn, but feed every ear of it to hogs and beef cattle. Almost every family is also in the produce line, getting from fifty cents to six or seven dollars a week for cream and nearly as much for eggs. Wool and mutton are sold from a third of the farms, and a little bit of wheat from one in ten.

Just now the farmers are comparatively well off. The war has not lofted the cattle and hog prices to anything like their 1918 level, when hogs sold in Chicago for twenty-four dollars a hundredweight. But we don't complain about the market. In spite of ceilings, it is up 40 percent on what it was a year ago and 80 percent on what it was two years ago. Hogs are up to fourteen dollars, and are just above cattle. Even though the cost of gas and trucking and shoes and overalls and coffee has advanced, the farmer who is into meat still has the better of the shuffle. Not of course that he didn't need it! We buy costly butter, but the price of cream and eggs is what we consider good. A hundred well-fed hens loy 60 eggs a day, worth on country markets well over one dollar.

It is toward twenty years since Chicago got many of our cattle or any of our hogs. We cannot afford to ship so far, and the packers cannot afford to have us do it. Throughout the midwest, little semi-local plants take the cattle and hogs on the hoof. Ours go to Morrell's, in Ottumwa. All deliveries are made now from lot to plant by truck, and the trucks are owned and operated by farm or town boys and not by any firm.

I am sure nevertheless that we have been buying some things that we can hardly afford to buy, and the war will do nothing to correct this habit. Apples are mostly bought, so far as we get any at all, and a person has to go looking in our community to find a dozen apple trees set out in the last ten years. Peaches are bought, too, trucked in from Missouri, and our only peach trees are unhealthy seedlings. The town is under 500 and probably serves under 1200. Yet it has seven places that sell bread. Most people bake some bread, says a dealer, and also buy bread, and with the scarcity of sugar more cakes are bought. Most buy meat, and also butcher. Most buy most of their potatoes. This probably means that we have gone in for specialization at a rate that we cannot afford. A woman with four in the family says she kept track of what it costs to buy bread and to bake bread, and found that she had better bake it. People do raise potatoes, and one man never fails to have a good crop; so we must believe that it can be done.

It is surprising that, war or no war, the people any longer buy canned vegetables. A grocer says that canned green beans are a good seller, and then corn, peas, spinach and tomatoes follow, probably in this order. And yet it has been proved over and over in our own neighborhood that it is easy and profitable to raise and can all of these. A woman who knows how to keep a house and a garden and cellar says she cold-packed 300 tins of vegetables last year and bought not one, and that her daughter canned 200 pints of such greens as spinach, crowsfeet, mustard and lambsquarter. Even a grocer and his wife, selling canned vegetables the year round, can their own fruit and vegetables and store them under the counter where part of last year's supply is deeply covered with dust. Yet with the town more open than occupied, a poor woman says, "We cannot afford to keep a

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garden. We just buy things as we need them." Meat is canned, too, and a few families rent lockers in a bigger town.

It is thinkable that this war will not notably change our customs in the country community. We are fortunately a settlement of families and neighbors, and we know how to live close together in an organic way and to help each other. But only under the pressure of hard times do some farmers learn, and some not even then, that it pays to bake, to butcher and thus to have meat, to raise a few berries and 20 or 30 bushels of apples, to keep a garden and to can vegetables. All of this, along with "farming," takes time. But the farmer is used to long hours, and in our neighborhood he has not moved the clock up to keep even with the daylight. Like other people, he talks a lot about the advance in costs and prices. But it is no trick to adjust his life to such changes. It is a matter of addition and subtraction.

Something else that is much more serious is happening and has been happening in the country community for over twenty years. The young farm men and women are invited, by this war and by pre-war and post-war conditions, to leave the country community. Just now the obvious case is that of over twenty boys from our poor township already gone to the war. In a way this is what neither we nor the nation can afford. The nation is peopled so largely from the farm that even young married men in cities such as Chicago and New York ought always to be inducted before the unmarried farmers, and young men two or three years married and still childless ought always to be the first inducted. So far as national vitality is concerned, the war is only an evident stepping up of a draining process that has for some time been in operation. In the year following June 1, 1941, fifteen girls left our neighborhood for Washington. Even in the emergency, America can scarcely afford this daylight sabotage. If most of these girls and the others who have also left, say for Chicago and Des Moines, were to return and marry returned soldiers after the war, we should not have greatly suffered. We know fairly well that they will not do this. And it is not merely a question of the emergency. In the preceding fifteen years also, about fifteen girls left for the same capital city. How many of these returned to marry at home? Just one girl came home and married. This girl now has an excellent family and is a blessing to the neighborhood and the nation. The others have in human terms not done so well. We know that three of them have married, and that at least two of these have no children. It is a safe bet that of the others not three will ever marry and not five children will be born. In vital and human terms the centralization of people, a process that looks so simple and innocent and beneficent, is costly.

The future

In our own little community and in many another, we need to look to conditions that will not leave us permanently war-ridden. We have had and to a large extent we still have a wonderfully organic community. People work together within the family and within the neighborhood. Almost all of us are Catholic, and thus we worship together and in a hundred ways have common interests, common understandings and common language. We have parish dances, and everybody comes. Age makes no difference. During a recent visit I saw them dance, old-time and new-time, turn about. But everybody danced every moment he had the chance, no matter what the "time" or style. In at least two cases, three generations within a family were on the floor at once, everybody leaning over and giving his whole soul to the communal dance. A young mother got her baby to sleep and laid it in blankets on a table in the corner. Why shouldn't she? She couldn't leave it alone at home or find anyone willing to stay at home with it, and she wanted to dance. Of course the music was local.

We need more ways of being together and of working and playing and worshipping and of managing all together. When three generations dance together, the fourth generation is sure to be realized and is almost sure to remain happy at home. In addition, we could easily have, as we used to have, ball games for boys and for girls. We could have local shows, and now with the rationing of gas and tires we shall have to have these or none at all, and in fact only a few years ago the merchants all through summer furnished us free shows once a week in an alley. Once we had a parish library, and the building can still be used, though the 600 books are lost. If the county agent is any good, we can learn together to raise potatoes and to can meat and vegetables and see about the feasibility of a local refrigerator with lockers at a reasonable rate. We can have our own insurance companies, as farmers have in Ohio and Pennsylvania. In the twenties we lost our two little banks. But we can start a credit union or people's bank. In these ways we can keep trade, as well as most of the people, at home, and can thus revive the local stores. Or if it is advisable, we can start a cooperative store, and gradually make it a general store with groceries and shoes and hardware and clothing, and with a gas pump and a mill attached, and also equipped with a little ante-room for shipping eggs and cream and hides and wool.

After the war we may expect and perhaps need an over-all plan to come down on us in a big way from the top. Nothing would better protect us from the need of this than to have the people in little communities already competent in running their own local affairs.

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The Future Can Be Ours

By WILLIAM AGAR

AMERICAN opinion has undergone a marked change since Pearl Harbor ended the illusion that isolation and appeasement would keep us out of war. There will undoubtedly be isolationists in the future, but the average American is now convinced that peace cannot be retained by refusing to fight, by neutrality laws or even by scrapping arms as long as nations that desire to make war exist in the world. Twice in twenty-five years the impact of world events has forced us to arm and fight. America is determined that this must not happen again. But how can it be avoided, what plan for the future should we accept? The war seems far away and unreal even today. Nevertheless there is a growing realization that difficult days lie ahead and some assurance is wanted that victory this time can be transformed into enduring peace.

All this lies back of the general demand for a more complete statement of war aims. So far, so good. But those who demand to know exactly what we are fighting for and what sort of a future we face, must first learn why we are fighting. Our war aims spring full-formed out of the nature of the war itself. But they cannot be perceived except by those who understand why the war happened. Thus we face a gigantic task in self-education; one which must be carried on now, during the stress and strain of war. The difficulty of the undertaking is all the greater because much of the teaching of the past twenty-five years must be unlearned. But the task has to be accomplished if we really want peace in the future. It is not a job for government agencies. It is truly a job of self-education which citizens have to undertake for themselves, education whose results will determine their future thoughts and actions and consequently the course that their government will follow.

Freedom House is founded on that belief. Its physical plant is a commodious building at 32 East 51 Street, New York City. It was started by a group of citizens who desired to employ every means at their command to place the truth before their fellows. They do not believe that Americans are apathetic. They know our people want to fight and that those who cannot fight are desperately anxious to help their country in some other way. But the founders of Freedom House believe that many Americans have misconstrued the nature of the war and the intentions of the enemy; that they regard our involvement in war as an unfortunate incident unrelated to the general world situation. They do not know why we are in it. They do not realize that we can be attacked, or that we can lose. Few realize what losing would mean. As long as that is true, until we understand that our ultimate involvement was certain from the beginning, that we are as inextricably a part of the world scene as is Germany herself, there remains the danger that we may make a premature peace and give the enemies of mankind the time they need to prepare for our total destruction. We have no right to expect assurance that a better world will follow automatically when we are victorious. Rather we must realize that total victory is essential before we can have any world at all.

The actions of our enemies are sufficient proof that Hitler spoke correctly when he said two worlds are opposed and only one can endure. With all its imperfections, in spite of its frequent derelictions of duty, our world adheres to fundamental truths. It admits the validity of certain rules derived from the Hebrew-Christian tradition, rules which the majority respects and tries to live by. It recognizes the value of the individual. It places freedom at the top of the hierarchy of values because the denial of freedom negates all the others. No one pretends that our world has succeeded in living up to those ideals in full. But, steeped in sin as it is, our world has never lost sight of its goal. If Hitler's world was the same *kind* of a world, if it believed in the same rules as we do but was just a little less inclined to live by them than we are, a compromise would be possible. But Hitler's world is not in any sense a less honest, more self-seeking part of our own well-intentioned but weak and frequently disordered society. It has not abrogated the rules temporarily. It states very frankly that the rules are wrong. It regards freedom and democracy as illusions, kindness as another name for weakness, the brotherhood of man as a silly mistake. It claims total ownership of the body and soul of every individual and makes itself the supreme arbiter of right and wrong. It dazzles its people with a vision of future riches based on plunder from all the world and supported by the slave labor of lesser men everywhere. It recognizes no right but force.

The Axis leaders understand that the "New Order" cannot endure, even if they succeed in imposing it by force, as long as the fundamental sanctions for freedom and democracy remain alive in men's hearts. So they devised their attack on society in such a way as to abolish those sanctions. Children are taken from home early in their lives and educated in nazi methods without any opportunity to know God or to learn of the existence of a moral law. Adults are surrounded with regulations rendering the practice of religion increasingly difficult. Apostasy is made financially profitable. The nazis do not preach atheism. They are too wise for that. They offer a substitute for religion in the form of a new idolatry, state pantheism, so mingled with ancient

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German pagan myths as to make dissenters appear to betray the fatherland. They devise methods of torture for both Jews and Christians designed to degrade them physically and mentally and blot out every vestige of respect for human personality. That is the New Order, barbaric and cruel.

America is the richest and most tempting morsel in the world which those war-makers set out to plunder. It is also the part most devoted to the ideal of liberty. Axis propaganda has long been at work on us seeking to turn Jew against Gentile, Protestant against Catholic, capital against labor with an insulting assurance that it could divide and conquer us without shedding a drop of German blood in actual combat. Plans were also made to strangle us economically, occupy us if need be after we were weakened and make us an appendage of the Axis. Our enemies have been aware far longer than we have that the world of the future cannot be half free and half slave. They know they have to break us or give up their dream of world domination. We cannot compromise with them.

What more do we require for a war aim? Why should we search for a new idea when we possess a vision that is eternally young? While still in the throes of birth, America proclaimed freedom and equality for all men. Of course, we never made it fully true even at home. Political democracy we have had, but never social or economic democracy. Now an implacable enemy declares that most men are destined to be slaves and that he intends to make them so. No compromise is possible. The time is at hand to redeem our promise or to give it up for good.

Our world has shrunk. We, more than any other people, are responsible for the technological advances which caused it to shrink. We had better accept the fact and act accordingly. As communication became more rapid and the interchange of ideas more general, we gradually realized that science, art, literature, the results of progress in technology and, to a lesser degree, the fundamentals of religion and ethics are international. They belong to all men. But political thinking is still confined by national boundaries and remains the handmaiden of narrow economic policies. Selfish nationalism interferes with the understanding between peoples and prevents the distribution of the earth's produce to many who need it. That is our challenge; the future can be ours only if we raise our political thinking onto a high, international plane. The best interests of all men should be the touchstone of our future policies.

The present struggle has ignored national boundaries to a large extent because it is a clash between elemental ideas just as truly as it is a clash of arms. People who believe in part of the nazi creed are not all under the banner of the Axis. They exist in every country to confuse the issue. When the outlines of the opposing forces are fuzzy, it is usually because of such men in the midst of the people fighting for freedom. The belief, for example, that men *are* equal and must be treated as equals is the foundation of our Western world. Yet racial arrogance is commonplace among us. Many, ostensibly on our side, despise all men with colored skins. Consequently the people of India, Malaya, much of Africa and Latin America, as well as the Negroes in North America, are only half-heartedly on our side, and Burma chose the Japanese. It is not because they like the Axis. It is because they have as yet no reason to trust us. They are tired of our promises. If we give them a reason to believe in us, if our world dares be true to itself, makes it clear that white imperialism is finished forever and that the myth of racial superiority is erased from its mind, those particular fuzzy edges will spring into sharp focus. The lines will be clearly drawn and people the world over will know who is fighting for what. Only that kind of brave thinking and unselfish action can save us.

As it is, we are suffering the consequences of prolonged dishonesty. If we had remained true to our ideals, men would not have needed to question our values. Unfortunately, we have given lip service to ideals we did not believe it was expedient to practice—they were too disturbing to cautious and practical men. Then too, our world has done considerable plundering in its own right, misdeeds which it hid under the cloak of necessity or sanctimonious phrases such as "The White Man's Burden." Inevitably men questioned the intentions of such a society, became increasingly sceptical of its values, and finally began to look elsewhere for rights too long deferred. To make matters worse, secularization proceeded to the point where society questioned its own spiritual foundations and left itself without an aim or a goal. Belief in man, his destiny, his progress largely superseded belief in God. But, as is always true, men went on asking "What destiny?" "Progress towards what?" The answer they received was the Total State. Man, forgetting God, summoned up Leviathan, the Apocalyptic Beast from the Abyss, the secular, absolute world order destined to destroy him unless he rejects it from the depths of his soul.

The ordinary man knows little of philosophy or theology, yet he senses with unerring realism that the universe he lives in needs more than material sanctions to make enduring sense, and that man, when he worships his own reason has succumbed to the ultimate idolatry. He is not satisfied for more than brief periods with answers to the fundamental problems of life and being, of right and wrong, that begin and end with himself. History unfolds according to a logical plan. The logic of the present (in purely material terms)

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is that our civilization shall be destroyed, corrupted by the beast it created. But free men do not quail before such logic. They assert their freedom of choice and, to a large degree, mold the future. They know civilization is entering a period of change and that many errors of the past must be corrected. But they do not intend to let the enemy do the changing for them. The real defeatists are religious men who claim that we are too far gone to save ourselves, too sinful to recover; or determinists who conjure up dimly perceived historic cycles to prove that our course is run. Their intentions are not evil. They are wise and cautious. But they are tired of the struggle. So they ask us to commit suicide. We have only one answer to give them. We believe in ourselves and in the eternal value of freedom. We *know* that the democratic is the best way because it liberates man from bondage to force and makes him responsible for his actions. It is not the easy way. Its price is unending struggle. But it is worth every effort, every sacrifice. Fired by that certainty, we can commence to live it here and help open the gates of freedom to all who wish to share it.

Freedom House is a place where all who believe in the democratic way can meet to discuss their problems. It acknowledges no distinctions of race, creed or color. It exists in order to break down the barriers that keep men apart and to elevate political thinking above the horizon of narrow regionalism to the level from which it can see man as a whole. Its demands are few but fundamental: tolerance, belief in the inviolability of the individual and the brotherhood of all men, willingness to make every sacrifice required to win the fight for freedom. It believes that the cumulative impact of these ideas taken up by a sufficient number of people can determine the course of the future.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THE *Catholic Digest* under the able direction of Father Paul Bussard and his staff has increasingly become a potent force for the advancement of the reasonable discussion of important problems, and it sustains this reputation in its July number by opening the highly controversial question of Protestant proselytizing in Latin America, through the publication of an article by John Erskine. It will probably come as a surprise to many readers to find the celebrated author of those racy novels of which "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" is a brilliant example, himself an Episcopalian, writing with such insight, and from evidently more than superficial acquaintance with Catholic doctrine and culture and practice, on such a theme, and coming to the uncompromising conclusion that the work of Protestant missions in Latin America, instead of being really helpful in the promotion of good will and better relations between the United States and the nations to the south is, regardless of the motives animating the Protestant missions, a "work of pure destruction." The *Catholic Digest* announces that another article by a professional writer who has observed Protestant activity below the Rio Grande for twenty-five years will be published next month. Unquestionably the organs of those Protestant denominations that organize and support the missions will take up the cudgels on behalf on an enterprise to which they are so deeply committed. Catholic papers will reply, or will enter the controversy by way of comment on Mr. Erskine's excellent article, and another great controversy will be well under way.

In the first paragraph of his article Mr. Erskine makes a remark to which, it is hoped, all parties to the controversy may pay scrupulous heed. If they don't, either on the Catholic or the Protestant side, more heat than light will be generated. After saying that his purpose was to name the chief blunders of which we of the United States are guilty in our approach to our neighbors in South America, Mr. Erskine continued: "We talk of good will, and no doubt our will is good, but we can't always claim as much for our manners. Instead of making friends, we give offence."

Mr. Erskine himself stresses the point of the damage done by unnecessary collisions between Protestants and Catholics. Regarding the divisions among Christians as "a vast tragedy," he hopes for the time to come when they may all be one; but meanwhile, as in South America, where his own observations proved to him the destructive results of his applied zeal, he certainly will find agreement when he says: "That the revelation of the love of God to men of good will should produce among the professed followers of Jesus prejudice, hostility, even hate, is such a paradox as devils might invent." Certainly, in Mr. Erskine's view, so long as the Protestant denominations can find in the United States the great masses of Protestant people among whom there is fully as much social misery, disease, poverty, ignorance and moral degradation as they may ever find in any part of South America, they have no ground for attributing such conditions in Latin America exclusively to the results of Catholicism, unless, of course, they are prepared to grant that our domestic miseries are exclusively due to the results of Protestantism. But, as Mr. Erskine proves, many American Protestants hold that view, and follow it in practice, to the consequent impairment or destruction of friendly relations between the people of the country invaded by such missionaries of mischief and the people of the country from which the missionaries come.

Just how the problem is to be solved, however, save through the leaders of the offending denominations being enlightened by such discerning writers as Mr. Erskine, is hard to see. My own observations in Mexico, Panama and two or three of the smaller countries of the Caribbean, limited as they were, tend to confirm all that Mr. Erskine says. In general, it seems to me, the Protestant mis-

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sionaries in Latin America belong to the group of economic and social reformers, more than to the group which, perhaps, may be considered more truly apostolic, from a Christian point of view, even although Catholics must consider it an erroneous and narrow type of sectarian Christianity. The apostolic group is deeply concerned with spreading the gospel; but that gospel in their minds really excludes the Catholic Church from true Christianity. To many in that group, in fact, the Church is Anti-Christ. To rescue its victims is a high service of mercy. With such zealots there is no possibility of agreement; but when our own clergy in Latin America are a little more active in promoting social reform, perhaps the larger group of social reformers in our country will see the wisdom of Mr. Erskine's advice and act upon it.

Communications

WHAT DEMOCRACY MEANT TO THE GREEKS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Art, in my view, can scarcely be called a product of either philosophy or government. If this is not a re-statement of Mr. Richardson's position in his review of "What Democracy Meant to the Greeks," it is in general harmony with it. His book review, however, seemed to cloud the issue, judging from your anonymous correspondent (July 17). Thus Mr. Richardson made a comparison between the non-communal art of modern, democratic states and the art of democratic ancient Greece which was innately communal in its inspiration. He also stated that "art springs from the vitality of the individual nature"; one might, and probably mistakenly, assume that he did not see the individual artist as a complete product of his environment. Art, it is to be recalled, is an instinctive matter and has its basis in the desire to make things. This is a desire usual to the average person in primitive as well as civilized societies, and it is also evidenced in the play activities of a child emerging from infancy. Being a general instinct it merits the designation "communal," because its emergence in an identifiable "art" form results from the competition, comparison and stimulus, that in turn results from many persons attempting to do much the same thing. Modern industrial and scientific achievements have come from a similar, communal process. Out of this background of a people's art have arisen the great artistic figures, usually at a time when the culture identified with this background was showing evidences of decline. Athens had its Periclean age and medieval Europe its Renaissance.

Countries which have had a measure of democratic government, as well as despotisms, such as those of Egypt and Yucatan, produced great, communal art. Of course the condition of life, and the temperament of the people which permitted the despotism, or required the democracy, have influenced the *character* of art. On reviewing the history of Egypt, Greece, Yucatan, and medieval Europe, we have no difficulty in perceiving that very different religious concepts and conditions of life (as well as forms of government) existed in these various places. The roots of instinctive art are vitally connected with such religious concepts, condition of life, and environment, and only incidentally with the form of government, as the latter is derivative. Naturally a government might be auspicious to a living art, or inauspicious to it. This, moreover, is as true of ecclesiastical governments as it is of civil. To the degree that a civil government has an idealistic, or quasi-religious content, such as is possessed to some extent by our own, it is possible for a government, through this content, to influence the character of art. The more identical the form of government becomes with this content, and with the temperament of a people who are unified in accord with it, the greater will be the strength of the influence. This would mean that the social influence is primarily religious, and religion being instinctive in its universal appeal, has a natural affinity for art. It has, furthermore, demonstrated in both Christian and pagan cultures its power to affect art's character.

As the letter in criticism of Mr. Richardson's review emphasizes the colossal size and generally brutal character of "German public art," it seems fair to allow that none of the more profound art of Germany can be so characterized. The governmental "monument-art" of the Imperial period, however, was long ago of the "colossal" kind; the Denkmal at Leipzig is a well known example. Its super-grandiose and dehumanized character gives it a prophetic relationship to the current nazi ideology. Colossal size, moreover, results from an artist's effort to bring his work into esthetic relationship with the giantism of modern engineering and industry, and this giantism is our own American product, over-admired both in Germany and the Soviet.

BARRY BYRNE.

LUXEMBOURG

Cleveland, Ohio.

TO the Editors: Prince Jean of Luxembourg is not a 2-year-old baby, as the demon of misprints made him appear in THE COMMONWEAL of July 10, but a young man of 21, who has already delivered a number of lectures in this country. He got his education in a Benedictine school in Yorkshire, England.

WILHELM SOLZBACHER.

EDITORS' NOTE: *Luxembourg is fated to misprints. The US Department of State, in a release, spells its prime minister's name "Dupont" when it should be "Dupong."*

WONG KIM ARK

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editors: Congratulations on your splendid editorials which reveal the threat to the citizenship of many of our loyal Japanese-Americans. It is bad enough that we continue in our country two classes of citizenship, one for whites and one for Negroes. It will be even worse if we add a third class of "ex citizens," from whom we have withdrawn rights and privileges previously enjoyed.

The American "caste system" must be abolished and not expanded in these critical times. You are giving fine leadership to this end.

FRANK W. MCCULLOCH, *Director,*
James Mullenbach Industrial Institute.

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The Stage & Screen

Stars on Ice

THE ONLY trouble with an ice show is that it is on ice. This imposes a strict limitation on the human instrument, which somehow makes that instrument much less than it can be. There is no infinite variety to the things a man or woman can do on skates, and so three hours of entertainment, with skating as the basic medium for the whole of it, necessitates strain—not to say almost incredible ingenuity—on the part of a producer or director. There are only two ingredients that can enter into an ice show—clowning and spectacle. Both all too easily become tedious.

It is to the credit of Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz that they have succeeded once again in producing a show which is by and large not tedious, and which is more than worth the price of admission. To their credit and to the credit of a cast of high virtuosity. Such a performance has at least one positive virtue. I remember years ago a French Jesuit who came to visit New York. The big buildings impressed him, and the size of the whole city. But he decided that what he most wanted to see was the circus, then playing at Madison Square Garden. He went and was entranced, particularly with the acrobats. "Those people," he said at last, "can't cheat." The same could well be said of all the cast of "Stars on Ice." They cannot do their stuff meretriciously, they cannot cheat. And this simple physical fact enforces on their performance a certain integrity which is rarely if ever achieved by the ordinary theatrical spectacle. Then, too, ice shows should please people who want their theater clean. Being dirty on skates is something to baffle the imagination, though I suppose it could be done.

I myself am very quickly bored at sheer spectacle. I can watch groups of people moving about in pre-arranged rhythms and beautiful clothes just about so long—and I begin to wonder about such irrelevant matters as paying next year's income tax. I know that this is a personal failing, and that lots of people can sit in perfect happiness watching the gals and boys go through their choreography. For those who like this sort of thing, "Stars on Ice" will be utterly wonderful. The costumes (designed by Lucinda Ballard) and the settings (by Bruno Maine) are plenty colorful and calculated to produce considerable decibels of audience gasp. The music (to be credited to Paul McGrane, David Mendoza and Paul Van Loan) is sufficiently tuneful.

But for me, I like the clowns.

They are called "comedians" on the program; they are clowns. And they are very good clowns. Freddie Trenkler does incredible things, including falling into the audience. (Evidently an essential part of exhibition skating is to learn how to fall without doing any damage to yourself or the ice.) The Four Bruises and their charlady act come as close to completely satisfying ice humor as anyone ever will. And the Three Rookies are notable if only for their best stunt, which is to slide backward while "walking" forward—if you get what I mean. Respect for infancy requires a bow to seven-year-old Twinkle Watts, for midgetry to four-foot-high Paul Castle, for sheer skill to Skippy Baxter. And all the rest of both stars and ladies and gentlemen of the ensemble deserve all the applause they so generously get. *(At the Center.)*

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

These Girls'll Be the Death of Me

HOLLYWOOD is turning out another cycle of dilly females. At least so one might think from the heroines we have to contemplate this week. Irene Dunne is the screwball heiress who is the *"Lady in a Jam."* "I think she's nuts," says Eugene Pallette, the executor of her estate. Whatever she is, she becomes nutser when she discovers she's broke and treks out to Arizona to look for gold in her grandmother's mine. Grandmother (Queenie Vassar) is quite a character herself; one almost understands our heroine's mental flightiness when one sees this Cactus Kate living among her deserted shacks which include the old Lost Hope Saloon. Psychiatrist Patric Knowles tags along with Irene; he really thinks he can put her on her feet. Of course the patient falls in love with the psychiatrist; he's rather anemic about the whole affair. But what could any doctor do about a crackpot who believes in numerology and says, "Women with money don't have to marry." Miss Dunne plays the heroine with her usual lovely daffiness; and Ralph Bellamy hits one of the film's high spots as the phoney cowboy who hopes to win the beautiful heiress with his serenades. Gregory La Cava has directed the whole with a pleasant light touch. The result is fun—not hilarious fun, but mildly amusing. Perhaps Mr. La Cava's technique (of writing the script and turning up jokes as the picture goes along) makes for spontaneity, but it doesn't always make a unified plot. In "Lady in a Jam" the plot neither jells nor makes sense.

If you want to see what the movies did with "Mr. and Mrs. Cugat," you'll have to see a film with the coy title *"Are Husbands Necessary?"* Many readers of Isabel Scott Rorick's best-selling book found it delightful "as light novels go." As many light movies go, it goes rather silly. I hop it isn't the beginning of a series of films about young married couples of whom the husband is a patient, enduring business man and the wife is a childish dumb cluck. I know we have "Claudia" coming up eventually; but having seen that play, I know that its child-wife grows up. It always seemed to me that Dickens was smart to let Dora die off early in "David Copperfield," because what would poor David have done with his child-wife some twenty years later? I don't know what poor George Cugat is going to do with his silly little Mary Elizabeth. Let's hope that the coming blessed event which the finale promises will put some sense into pretty Mrs. C.'s empty little head. While waiting for the finale you have to sit through Tess Slesinger's and Frank Davis's dull script which Director Norman Taurog does not succeed in making plausible or lively. Betty Field and Ray

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Milland try hard enough as the Cugats. Patricia Morison is beautiful as the husband-hunting menace. But somehow the whole affair seems forced. The film's best fun is in Richard Hadyn's portrayal of a drunken bore.

"The Gay Sisters" is one of the most pretentious confusions to come out of Hollywood in a long time. I didn't read Stephen Longstreet's novel on which it is based, and if I weren't too discouraged by the film I'd look it up—just to see if it plays the same dirty trick that the film does. The plot doesn't reveal until it's half over that the two leads (who have been hating each other consistently and who are as mean as possible to each other), were really married all the time. And the little boy who is running around the Gaylord house is their child. All this comes out in a flashback in the middle of the film when Fiona (Barbara Stanwyck) tells her other two sisters (Nancy Coleman and Geraldine Fitzgerald) how she roped Charles Barclay (George Brent) into marriage and then paid him $25,000 to get rid of him. He left the next morning. This unreasonable and sorry screenplay by Lenore Coffee starts back during the last war. After papa says good-bye to the three little girls, he instructs the eldest never to sell the land. She's so impressed she never does and some twenty years later she's still holding onto the land while the courts are still arguing over papa's will and the three girls are broke. And pretty nasty girls they are too: Fiona kicking out her husband; Susanna trying to divorce hers so she can marry a handsome struggling young artist; Evelyn, bored with her Englishman, trying her hardest to steal Susanna's artist—and almost succeeding. It's difficult to figure out what Director Irving Rapper hoped to make of this mess, which is too sexy for youngsters and too stupid for adults. In any case he didn't make it. If the picture has any moral it is that this is what happens to people who make land their god.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

That Part Called the South

Below the Potomac. Virginius Dabney. Appleton. $3.00.

MR. VIRGINIUS DABNEY, editor of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch,* has written from his experience and observations on the South, paying much attention to "The South that Never Was" in a chapter of a not too dull or too inspired treatise on the area south of the Potomac. Says he: "The more one studies the South, therefore, the more one discovers novel and curious facts concerning it, and the more one finds that he who generalizes with respect to any large region of America will come to grief. There are melancholy and lamentable misconceptions in many minds concerning both the South and the North, but the South is the greater sufferer . . ."

In what way, of course? In every way, and it is not all on the race-social line. There are courageous white and black people in the South, many more than the idealistic Northerner is ready to grant elbow room; and all their courage is not wasted on Southern conservatism.

Nevertheless, Mr. Dabney's book is not inspiring. In these hectic days a book that moves men must take into account the hellishness of man and his refusal to spend

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Drawn by Miss Mary Zimmer, Canton, Ohio

PRAYER TO THE MADONNA AND SAINTS OF THE MASS

O Madonna and Saints of the Mass who are so marvelously enshrined in the Sacred Rite to be with Our Lord when He returns to offer Himself anew for us, thus recalling the holy group who accompanied Him in His journeys on earth, we, your clients, humbly pray that through your intercession we may understand better and honor and love more profoundly the mystery of the Holy Sacrifice which He established on the eve of His Death. Amen.

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much time being scholarly about burning issues before girding himself for holy—or unholy—conflict. Land below the Potomac has been so often thundered and damned on one hand, and cried over on the other, that a man who talks sense about our un-democratic, un-industrial, un-developed South must dig out some whopping good catch-phrases that will turn the mob back long enough to get some schooling, and to grow, prepare and eat *better* food than most of the South has ever known.

It would be wrong to call Mr. Dabney's book pedantic; unfortunately, it is thrown into a hamper with some very strong anti- and pro- literature. When the world settles down to a little bit of thinking—well, that is different. But nobody seems to see a resumption of thoughtful processes in the propaganda field for some time yet. On the other hand, this book is a lot more devastating to the political futures of many die-hards than anything the Rosenwald Foundation ever sponsored—the Georgia incident to the contrary—and if read slowly with much chewing, will do more to teach Southern youth what *their* shooting has been about than anything ever released by the school of Southern liberals.

We are a nation full of loose thinking about share-croppers, tenant farmers, Negroes and Southern aristocracy. While I do not feel that Mr. Dabney has thought the last word on these problems, I feel that he has paved the way for blasting the socks off a generation of emotional thinkers about these economic and educational, to say nothing of spiritual, problems. But in this day of slap-down and drag-out language, Mr. Dabney will need several pamphlets on his book to get it read.

Perhaps there is too much in the book: too much ground covered. On the other hand, it is time that well-wishers for the South had these lines drilled into them: "The farmers of the rural South can never become sturdy, self-reliant and solvent until their physical ills are remedied. All the rehabilitation loans and grants in the world will not benefit men and women who are too sick to work. They should receive not only more adequate public health services, but better-rounded schooling, both in educational fundamentals and in agricultural and vocational spheres. . . ." Negro partisans of Booker T. Washington will echo gladly "that is just what Booker T. said."

Without some form of immediate relief, *some form of state charity,* it is difficult to understand how we can improve the next generation without feeding this one better, no matter how ignorant and socially backward it might be. It is useless to try to save the children unless we can feed the parents who are bringing them into life. Now, the New Deal was conceived by men, and their errors are many and sometimes clearly discernible. Yet that the poverty and misery of the waste areas of the South were lifted from the exaggerated benevolence of states' rights and made a national issue; that good houses were erected in the slums of New Orleans, say—no matter what historical brothels were torn down to make room for them—these are achievements that will last long enough to teach and inspire men who might otherwise have been born and reared in despair.

It is here, perhaps, that Mr. Dabney's scientific treatment is packed too heavy with evidence that "the great effort" had as many holes as Swiss cheese. Likewise his passages on Southern labor organization are not too highly charged with inspiration and understanding. It is here that we can search and find areas of greatest hope, with room for improvement, of course, but with evidence of a growing understanding of the poor white worker by the poor black, and *vice versa.* The chapters "The Negro and His Schooling" and "In the Groves of Academe" hardly break away from the set patterns of the four-year college and the graduate work, although more than passing reference is made to the Highlander Folk School in the Tennessee mountains.

And, we might stack up a lot of criticism against the methods used in determining whether the South is less anti-Catholic today than when the candidacy for the presidency of Al Smith was made an unfortunate test of popular feeling. For there are non-practicing Catholics galore in the South who pretend to be satisfied with the lack of leadership exercised by the Church in many areas where Catholics are not only acceptable but sought after. To find the Catholic Church passed over much the same as a necessary evil ought to stimulate some sound reorganization of the entire social life of Southern Catholics. Treated as it is by Dabney, the Church hardly exists; it is far lower in his list of problems than the CIO, Negroes and the Jews. Hence, it is not a crusading force that we find neglected here; but an apologetic, social-climbing body which has tended to follow the line of greatest acceptance in far too many areas.

As for the Negro, Mr. Dabney does no crusading. He accepts the inevitability of the racially separate schools —a thesis contradictory to our bid for world leadership— and proposes that the poverty-stricken Southern areas pool their monies on a few first-class schools for Negroes rather than on dozens of poor ones. But even this is not popular with conscience-stricken Southern whites, who want to build more and more schools to the glory of the building trades and the materials dealers, (prior to priorities, of course); nor is it likely to be popular with the school of die-hard Negro educators of myopic social vision. With a future stunted by a theory of teaching, teaching and more teaching of people who know merely how to teach teachers, there seems little for the current crop of Negro Ph.D.'s to do except to hang on to these poorly cared for and administered Negro colleges of the South.

Mr. Dabney has written a book that does little to satisfy our social scientists, and therein lies its greatest glory. On the other hand, we come out of the pages much colder than we went into them. The book just lacks punch. There is no "oomph." GEORGE STREATOR.

FICTION

Drivin' Woman. Elizabeth Pickett Chevalier. Macmillan. $2.75.

SAUL slew his thousands and David his ten thousands; Scarlett O'Hara disposed of a Yankee straggler with an army pistol, but America Moncure hacks the head half off a carpet-bagger with a corn knife in Chapter I of this latest chronicle of Southern aristocracy after Appomattox. From then on the story races from one climacteric to another: America's sister, saved from assault, loses here reason, and the carpet-bagger's corpse continues to be exhumed until two Moncures are forced to flee Virginia. America takes the Ohio packet to Kentucky where the most striking incident occurs when she mounts a stallion in the Saddle Sweepstakes of Mason County in her new green dress and bonnet. It is hardly worthwhile to add that she wins the stakes for the worthless cousin whom she promptly marries. Turned gambler, the husband soon kills his own man on a river boat and jumps overboard. But because he is supposed to

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have been drowned, America spends the bulk of the novel ostracized from Mason County society since it is impossible to explain the parentage of the children who are born to her without confessing her husband's surreptitious visits.

The background is tobacco: America's struggle to grow and sell it and then the development of the tobacco pool which fills the last chapters with more killings and burnings when the Night Riders challenge the Wall Street interests. America and her second husband take their stand with the farmers and finally America, single-handed, wins the tobacco war by driving a bargain with her brother-in-law, one of the wicked magnates. Three years later the Supreme Court decided that the Tobacco Trust had violated the Sherman Act. "Do you think all this bloodshed was necessary?" asks "Merry" of her husband. One might ask the same question of the author.

Mrs. Chevalier has been working in Hollywood and is schooled in rapid action. Had she acquired the habit of simple narrative, it might have beveled the rough edges of her episodes and the harshness of her dialogue in which courtesy and humor are both lacking. Rarely have so many people in one book said so many rude things to each other. Nor is America herself apt to elicit much affection. As a type of "drivin' women" she seems a species of feminine Jack-the-Giant-Killer. A paragon at farming, cooking, teaching school, laundry, riding and tobacco growing, she can outwit a Wall Street speculator and dazzle New York's Four Hundred as a hostess. For a country wedding on Long Island America imported one hundred thousand Louisiana spiders, which were scattered along an avenue of pines where next morning their cobwebs were sprayed with gold and silver. America also had three sisters called Palestine, Andorra and Arabia.

Amazonian prowess in Georgia has now been challenged by Kentucky, but, as far as literary laurels are concerned, they remain in Atlanta. E. V. R. WYATT.

El Periquillo Sarniento (The Itching Parrot). José Joaquín Fernández de Lizardi. Translated from the Spanish, and with an Introduction by Katherine Anne Porter. Doubleday. $2.50.

THE AUTHOR of this book, Fernández de Lizardi, is among the best known of Mexican literary figures. He was about forty years old when Hidalgo's movement began and he lived through the struggle for separation from Spain, the brief empire of Iturbide, and the first turbulent days of the republic. During his life he was notable for a succession of literary attacks on what he considered tyranny and his writings brought him no little trouble; but though those productions are no longer read except by students especially concerned with the social and political conditions of that era, the present work, which was not published until three years after he died, has caused his name to live not only in Mexico but wherever Spanish is read. It is in the tradition of picaresque literature and as the University of Mexico has been called "the last of the mediaeval universities" so "El Periquillo Sarniento" may be considered the last in the line of that type of writing which is so distinctive of the Spanish literary tradition. It narrates the experiences of a rascal who has his good points and suffers from encounters with rascals more clever than himself, the action being relieved now and then with passages of real or pretended moralizing. It professes to be a picture of its age but historians

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are well aware that such "pictures" can be misleading, and this book requires careful critical examination in the light of more trustworthy evidence before any part of it can be accepted as delineating accurately the Mexico of the first twenty-five years of the nineteenth century; while the portion in which the reader is taken to Manila and entertained with a description of life there at that epoch would raise doubt that the author had ever been there.

But readers seeking entertainment do not trouble about such considerations, which accounts for the extraordinary popularity "The Itching Parrot" has enjoyed for over a hundred years. The present translation is well done, the translator having wisely omitted passages which merely hold upon the action without contributing anything of real value. For the convenience of readers who do not care to plough through the long and at times tedious original it is well to have this English abridged version, but it is not well to indulge in such over praise as that to which the publishers surrender themselves. To call the book, as they do, "the most beloved classic of Latin America," is likely to do it more harm than good. But then, one cannot expect judicious understatement in a blurb.

EDWIN RYAN.

HISTORY

Town & Davis. Roger Hale Newton. Columbia. $4.00.

SCORN is a cobweb on which it is wise from time to time to squirt a large lemon. American architecture of the middle years of the nineteenth century has been vilified so long and so heartily by the supposedly cultured critics of our civilization that our ignorance of its triumphs is pitiful. Gradually, however, we are beginning to understand that architecture did not end with Thomas Jefferson and begin again with Stanford White. If, some day, we should wake up to the beauties of the Gothic and Greek Revivals before the Civil War, Roger Hale Newton will be in no small measure responsible.

Newton's work is a definitive study of America's two greatest neglected architects, Ithiel Town and Alexander Jackson Davis, who turned out with equal ease a Grecian temple home or a glorious Gothic castle, rarely designing a building which wasn't exceedingly charming. Town was so competent an engineer that he invented a lattice truss of signal importance to American bridge building. Davis, the artistic member of the firm, was constantly given to flights of fancy, and created a number of exquisite Gothic villas for the Hudson, including the old Paulding castle at Tarrytown, now the home of the Duchess of Talleyrand. He also conceived the astonishingly beautiful Wheeler mansion in Bridgeport.

Newton, whose research was most minute, has done more than exhume a list of neglected *chefs-d'oeuvre*. By telling so much so gracefully about Town and Davis, he allows us to imagine, with infinite delight, the *beau idéal* of fine living of a hundred years ago. The firm of Town and Davis was especially favored by the agrarian aristocracy. Newton reminds us that the Livingstons called Davis to Barrytown to decorate Montgomery Place.

"In order to eliminate prejudice toward the nineteenth century," says Newton in his carefully considered preface, "we must forget everything that has been said or written about it. We must start afresh. . . . Each and every one of us must constitute himself a special historian . . . and a special biographer of its personalities. . . . At first the resulting statements must stand alone like ninepins, ready to be knocked down by the next player. As each pin topples over, it is discarded in favor of a brand new one. Thus the game of critical estimate goes on, and thus we sort out a variety of ideas until we get the right one. History is written that way—not by any one *super* historian, but by many minor ones, each contributing something to the pile of evidence. As far as this book is concerned, it is to be considered for what it is—a pile of ninepins, stacked up in a row ready to be knocked down by the next player. After the first play, some pins will fall; after the second play, some more; and so on. But out of the lot some will stand, I know, and these will be my contribution to the mounting heap of evidence."

Newton's work is a delightful invitation for us to study our own past.

WAYNE ANDREWS.

PHILOSOPHY

What Man Can Make of Man. William Ernest Hocking. Harpers. $1.00.

PROFESSOR HOCKING maintains that man, over the ages, makes himself better or worse. This he does by virtue of a sublime discontent with himself and a conscious realization that the choice for better or worse is his to make. During the modern era—that is to say, during the last four hundred years—man has made himself notably better in certain respects: he has successfully disciplined his powers of scientific observation, thereby achieving remarkable mastery over his physical environment, and he has successfully cultivated the important human values of life and liberty. However, modern man is now aware that not all is well with himself. He has begun to realize that the positivistic and pragmatic habits of mind he has acquired through his fervent devotion to empirical science have unsettled him intellectually. He has wakened to the fact that the shifty utilitarianism upon which he founded his liberal social policies has delivered him over to a most arbitrary and inhuman authoritarianism. In a word, modern man has painfully discovered that he is incapable of being his own providence. How, then, is man to better his unhappy situation? Can he salvage the gains of the last four hundred years while ridding himself of the evils they have occasioned? He can, according to Professor Hocking, if he will revaluate himself, his science and his standards of behavior on the basis of one all-important truth—the truth of the existence of God.

The present indictment of the weaknesses of modern man is accomplished with unusual penetration and brilliance.

DAVID DALRYMPLE.

BRIEFERS

The Impostor. Kurt Steel. Harcourt. $2.00.

ONE of the best thrillers of the season by a New York University professor who is an old hand at mystery stories. It will be particularly appreciated by those who are stirred by single-handed struggles against overwhelming odds. The printers evidently got so excited toward the end that they failed to push a few of the necessary keys on the linotype.

The Kentucky. Thomas D. Clark. Farrar. $2.50.

THIS newest volume in the Rivers series is a pleasant enough assortment of yarns. Clark chats about sorghum, steamboats, ballgowns, mountaineers and Shakers. His tastiest story concerns Sally Ward, the Kentucky belle who disappointed Boston by wearing bloomers.

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The Inner Forum

IN THE current issue of *Orate Fratres,* John Hennig has an interesting article on the blessing of airplanes in particular and of modern inventions in general. That published for aircraft, on May 24, 1920, is the most recent to be added to the Roman Ritual, and probably appears for the first time in English in Mr. Hennig's article. The text of the blessing is too long to quote, but has some interesting sections. One of the versicles and responses reads as follows: "Thou makest the clouds Thy chariot. And walkest upon the wings of the winds." The first prayer is this: "Let us pray. O God, who hast operated all things for Thy own sake and hast destined all elements of the world for the use of mankind, bless this engine, deputed for air-journeys, in order that it may serve for wider spreading of Thy name's praise and glory and for the prompter expedition of human affairs, free from all damages and dangers and fostering heavenly desires in the souls of the faithful using it. Through our Lord." The principal patroness of aviators was proclaimed by the Sacred Congregation of Rites as Our Lady of Loreto.

It is perhaps not generally realized that liturgical and formal blessings exist for such strictly modern objects as telegraph instruments, electrical generators, seismographs, railroad stations, automobiles and other vehicles. Mr. Hennig points out that "With regard to some . . . technical contrivances, such as railways and telegraphs, the wider public concern of the blessings has been emphasized by reserving their administration to the bishop." The purpose of such blessings is to recall to men's minds that such instruments are "designed as a means in fulfilling man's final destination: to serve God. . . . When exploring and using the elements and powers of nature in ever new and more wonderful combinations, man is an instrument of God in ruling the world." "The Church is most anxious to safeguard these inventions against all merely materialistic exploitation, since she is keenly aware of the appalling consequences thereof." And so "It is quite natural that in her prayer, the Church makes first mention of this religious purpose of the airplane before speaking of the wider secular purpose which, perhaps, was the only one which the inventors and engineers had in mind."

CONTRIBUTORS

Harry Paxton HOWARD, journalist and educator, returned last year to the U. S. after 24 years in the Far East—5 in Japan and 19 in China. He is the author of a book on the socialist and labor movement in Japan, whence he was deported in 1922.

Rev. Leo R. WARD teaches philosophy at Notre Dame and is the author of "God in an Irish Kitchen" and "Holding Up the Hills."

William AGAR is Educational Director of Freedom House, and was formerly Headmaster of the Newman School. He at one time was a member of the Geology Department of Columbia University.

George STREATOR is at present in Government service, and was formerly a Negro union organizer.

E. V. R. WYATT frequently writes for Catholic periodicals and is dramatic critic for *The Catholic World.*

Rev. Edwin RYAN is Professor of South American History at Catholic University, Washington, D. C., and is the author of "The Church in the South American Republics."

Wayne ANDREWS is the author of "The Vanderbilt Legend."

David DALRYMPLE teaches philosophy at Notre Dame College, Staten Island, N. Y.

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